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Experiences Of A Greenhorn And Other Poems



EXPERIENCES OF A GREENHORN

and

Other Poems

By Rev. F^{red} Grantham. Danbury, Iowa
" "

To my beloved and decesased parents to whom
under God I owe very much.

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INTRODUCTION

This is my first real literary effort hence my prayers and my heart go with this little book. Being a Minister of the Gospel I would freely state to all my readers that my one and only purpose in writing poems as in my pulpit orations is to glorify my Maker. My "Experiences of a Greenhorn" are meant to cover my experiences the first year I was in the United States of America but the conditions pictured are before the automobiles were popular and many people still used horses as a means of transportation. If any of my poems would seem to be based on personal incidents I would say I am a close student of human nature and in all my writings I try to picture things as they are, not as we would always have them.

The Author

Danbury, Iowa Aug. 1. 1920

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THE AUTHOR

THE EXPERIENCES OF A GREENHORN

I am English: As a young greenhorn
All trim and neat, of beard well shorn,
My native shore I left one morn
 The dear Home-Land
A mother's heart was sadly torn
 Such grief to stand.

Forgive me if I seem to say
Too much of her; She was my stay
Throughout the years. And still today
 I seem to hear
These words "Do right my boy away"
 From one so dear.

And in my dreams I see her face
So sweet, though cares have left their trace.
And age is coming on apace
 Her hair is white
If seventy years must end her race
 It is in sight

My father on my leaving there
Was seated in the old arm-chair
Which he used for many a year
 —God bless my Dad
Choking he said as fell a tear
 "Good-by my lad"

~~~~~  
His hand held mine; With age it shook  
I could not in that kind face look  
My eyes grew dim. I seemed to choke  
—Nought could I say—  
So siezed my suit-case and betook  
Myself away.

I could not well afford to quake  
For all my future was at stake  
But sometimes yet my heart will ache  
And tears will come  
When I allow myself to take  
A glimpse of home.

The pain of parting thus was o'er  
And fast the train steamed toward the shore  
Where ships are numbered by the score;  
As one thats dazed  
I sat. My eyes fixed on the floor  
Or outward gazed.

Long years "abroad" I would remain  
Ere I would see my folks again  
Or ride upon a British train—  
Farewell ye all.  
Yet antidotes remove the bane  
Of Duties call.

When Liverpool I reached t'was late  
To "tip" I did not hesitate  
So found a room that was first-rate  
With good clean bed.  
At six I rose, my breakfast ate  
And off I sped.

The city was a busy place  
But toward the docks I turned my face,  
A ferry steamer with good grace  
Bore me away  
With folks of nearly every race  
Where our ship lay.

Words fail to tell that good ships fame  
Come storm or calm she rode the same  
The Oceanic was her name  
Strong built of steel  
A floating palace true I claim  
From deck to keel

That day we sailed. But on the land  
Something took place both good and grand  
A crowd with handkerchiefs in hand  
Fond farewells waved  
With prayers and wishes from that band  
The sea was braved.

My state-room, number eighty-four,  
Was shared alike by three men more.  
A kind Canuck, a Scotchman poor,  
A Welshman hale.  
That night I thought as oft before  
Of Jonahs whale.

Though fitful sleep prolonged the night  
The morning brought a glorious sight:  
Old Queenstown bathed in morning light  
Was at my feet.  
My eyes I feasted with delight  
On such a treat.

Her changeless hills, bleak, bold but grand '  
Which met my gaze on every hand,  
Challenging admiration stand  
                                    Throughout the years.  
Who does not love brave Erin's Land:  
                                    And weep her tears.

We well nigh spent a full half-day  
In what is known as Queenstown Bay.  
Mail sacks galore were stowed away  
                                    In the ships hold.  
Four hundred girls came on to stay  
                                    —Not very old.

I thought of mothers weeping sore  
Who would the Virgin's aid implore.  
Of what the New World had in store;  
                                    —How in The States  
Some of these girls would fall before  
                                    White slavers baits.

While yet on board I oft passed through  
Experiences both strange and new;  
But I was with a pleasant crew  
                                    And jolly crowd  
Of passengers. The sick were few,  
                                    The laughter loud.

The following story has been told  
(To some its new, to others old)  
A woman sick, inclined to scold  
                                    Said to her man,  
"Bring up my old black shawl, I'm cold.  
                                    Quick Jonathon."

The good man hastened to obey  
But forthwith turned the other way  
His stomach heaved, He tried to say  
—In prose not rhyme.  
“Your old black shawl, excuse me pray,  
May come next time.”

Twass what you'd call a pleasant trip  
So sweetly sailed that noble ship  
Sometimes she'd rise and then would dip  
In sea-gull fashion.  
And would the oceans bosom rip  
As in a passion.

My soul still cleaves the ocean deep.  
To see her foaming white-caps leap  
Into the air like playful sheep  
Reflection brought.  
Of mysteries she still doth keep  
From deepest thought.

Nor was that all it spoke to me  
It told of Gods Immensity.  
Of Him who on Lake Galilee  
Controlled her might  
Yes, He was God as He must be—  
God Infinite.

That voyage passed. “Land now in sight”  
The watch gave out. This did excite  
All those on board. With all our might  
We each one gazed  
And when we saw land to our right  
A cheer was raised.

Grip-sacks were packed. We all were glad  
 To get in port. But those who had  
 Forgot to tip—An old time fad  
                                 —Perhaps unfair  
 Met stewards faces long and sad  
                                 Most everywhere.

Some other troubles were in store  
 Before we were allowed on shore.  
 Some were so angry that they swore  
                                 The Customs flayed.  
 And others mercy did implore,  
                                 But each one paid.

These men were kind enough to me  
 The one who came my goods to see  
 Was fair as any man could be  
                                 From first to last.  
 I was O. K'd without a fee  
                                 And safely passed.

Another took me by the hand  
 And welcomed me to this great land  
 On learning I would join a band  
                                 Of worthy preachers.  
 Who always for the right must stand  
                                 —Truths ablest teachers.

His kindly words did me much good  
 It seemed as though a kind of load  
 Fell from my heart. He knew they would  
                                 To faith give strength.  
 And thus bear fruit; just as the bud  
                                 The flower at length.

We slowly crept into the dock.  
White handkerchiefs; a goodly stock  
Glad welcomes waved. They seemed to mock  
My lonely heart.  
A foreigner, alone. The shock  
Some fears did start.

I disembarked in New York City  
Some parts of which are very pretty.  
Some folks there assume they're witty.  
Quite freely they  
Will tell you almost any ditty  
'Bout where to stay.

All such dispise, then you're all right.  
Some good hotel seek for the night.  
May save you from a sorry plight  
If you sleep sound.  
Who cares to stay where bed-bugs bite  
And thieves abound.

My stay in New York being brief  
I got around quick as a thief  
The sights to see. Nor came to grief  
By being lost.  
That which is easy, my belief  
To one "Just crossed"

But briefly here I now will try  
To tell of blocks that scrape the sky.  
Some more than thirty stories high  
—They copy Babel.  
Can't be that all Heaven would fly  
If they were able.

Some were good souls whom I met there  
Who breathed the Name of God in prayer.  
And some their follies were laid bare.

No intermission  
Was heard between each loathsome swear.  
That is Perdition.

So many things there please the eye  
Besides those blocks that scrape the sky.  
Her crowded streets through which cars fly.  
Her cars upstairs.  
Her ferry boats; Her bridges high.  
Her cheerful airs.

But all of these I left behind.  
To sleep awhile I had designed  
While on the train, but still my mind  
Interested grew.  
In studies of a worthy kind—  
The World called New.

And oft this thought passed through my head  
As on and on so fast we sped.  
Is this the land of which I read  
So much at home?  
Is this the land to which this said  
The millions come?

I saw the farms the land which grace  
And towns with folks of every race.  
One day in Pittsburg. Quite a place  
My problem solved.  
And yet Chicago sets the pace  
I am resolved.

Their lovely streets both straight and wide  
With crowds well dressed on every side.  
Prosperity did here abide

The blind could see.  
To screw my courage up I tried  
Successfully.

That trip was long. Three nights and days  
Passed ere these prairies met my gaze.  
The Middle-West is quite a ways.

On Sunday morn  
I reached the Land of Oats and Maize;  
A young "Greenhorn"

I sought my Superintendents home,  
At whose request I came to roam  
Across the rolling restless foam

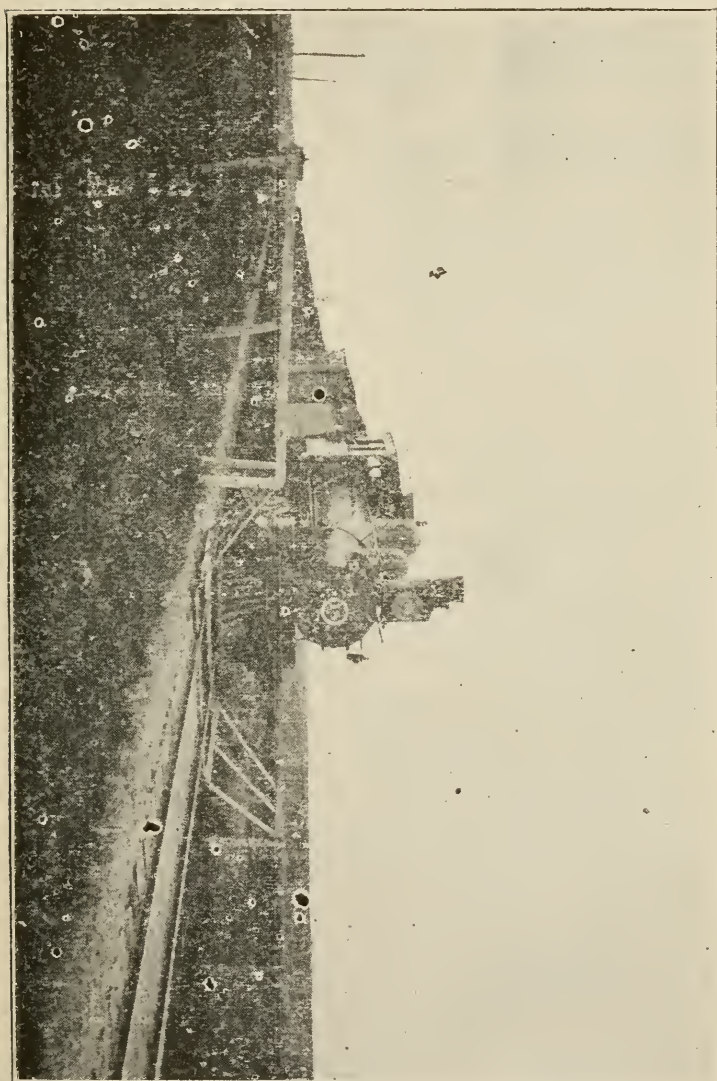
—No not in blindness.  
His wife,—blessings upon her come—  
Showed me great kindness.

I bathed. I dined. I went to bed.  
I know not if my prayers I said.  
I know I laid my tired head

In sweet repose.  
I know full eighteen hours had sped  
When I rose.

The following day I met this man.  
All over me his eyes he ran.

And smiling said "Perhaps I can  
Of service be.  
You are scarce familiar with our plan  
Of work" said he.





I hit upon a kind old gent  
Who gravely took of Sacrament  
A trait truly magnificent  
In any man.  
He seemed to be of good intent  
So my thoughts ran.

Of that same man a horse I bought  
Convinced a lesson I had taught  
My people; whose good-will I sought,  
How faith thus wonned.  
Instead they hinted I was caught  
And badly skinned

Well let them talk of my old friend  
I'll trust his honor to the end  
And nothing shall my mind unbend  
From such a donor  
Right royally did he befriend  
Both horse and owner.

Besides the horse I bought that day  
I found him good in every way  
Was gentle kind and full of play  
Enjoyed good feed.  
In color was a pretty bay  
And had good speed.

I loved that horse. He was my friend  
Companion, slave. His will would bend.  
He seemed half human to the end  
—Could almost speak.  
His rough old nose he loved to send  
Across my cheek.

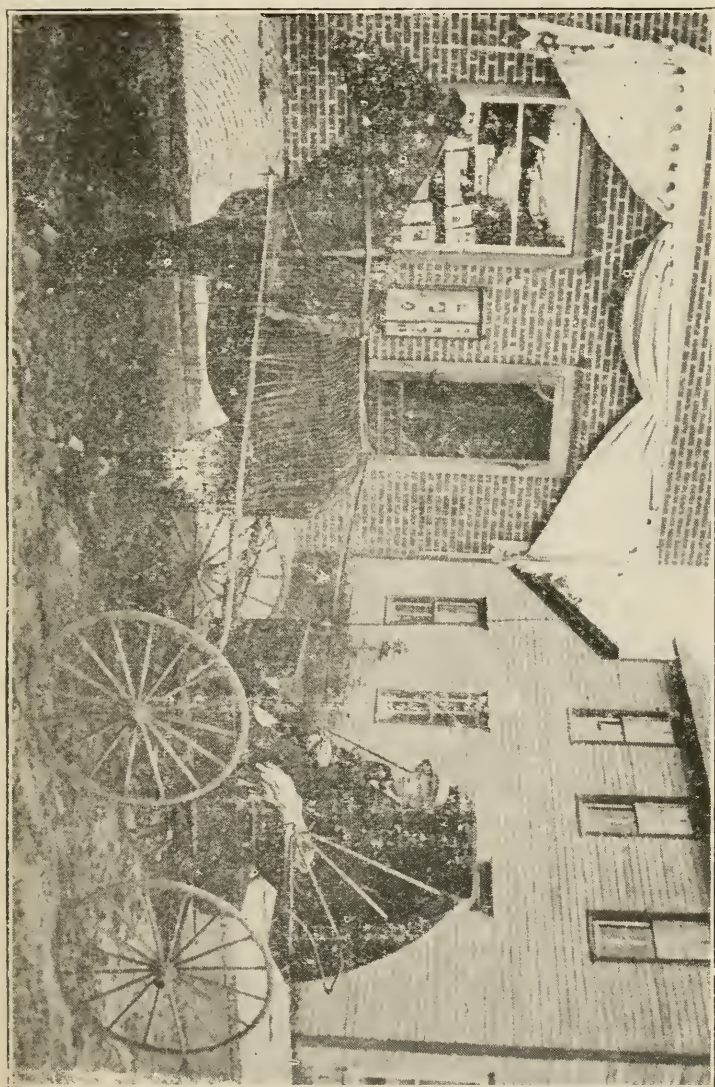
I rode behind him many hours  
As one whose temper never sours  
When out in sunshine or in showers  
                                He went right on  
His bridie oft adorned with flowers  
                                As laurels won.

When summer came the days were grand  
'Till cyclones swept across our land  
Huge buildings like small grains of sand  
                                Were swept away.  
Stout hearts with such a storm at hand  
                                Still fear today.

And heavy rains; They too were bad.  
As to the corn; The farmers had  
An anxious time. And all were glad  
                                The frost came late.  
Or else some folks would have been sad  
                                And mourned their fate.

Nor did these troubles come alone  
A money panic made us groan.  
Twas caused by men with hearts of stone.  
                                By men who sin  
Who fain would have the world their own,  
                                And all fenced in.

When times like these shall come again  
For come they will we all must ken,  
I have a word for tempted men.  
                                Tis simply this:  
God's providence is o'er us when  
                                Things go amiss





That night I stayed out on a farm.  
 We rose at five the ducks to harm  
 And stole along lest we alarm  
                                     And lose our prey  
 But all our tactics failed to charm  
                                     —They got away.

But be it to our credit paid  
 When home again at ten we made  
 A rabbit and two ducks I laid  
                                     Down on a sack.  
 My friend with whom that night I stayed  
                                     Killed one "Old Jack."

Hunting the ducks is good clean sport  
 The falling bird, the loud report  
 What must it be to bring to port  
                                     The wily deer.  
 And even though you danger court—  
                                     The grizzly bear.

Yet hunting has its cruel side  
 For birds when wounded oft will hide  
 And starve in pain, and so have died  
                                     A lingering death.  
 Why boast O sportsman in thy pride,  
                                     With heated breath.

Just turn and read your "Bobby Burns"  
 Whose mind to strange things often turns.  
 See how in tenderness he yearns  
                                     And fain would spare.  
 That which the sportsman instinct spurns—  
                                     "The Wounded Hare"

Though this of course meant some expense  
I had to go to Conference.  
And truly failed to see the sense  
Of all things there  
I see it now. I was too dense  
Those things to square.

Since truth is truth let truth be free.  
I cannot always serious be  
And sometimes when a joke I see  
I straightway spring it.  
Announce a hymn well knowing we  
Can never sing it.

But when I to Our Conference went  
I started out with grave intent.  
On making good my mind was bent  
I was groomed well.  
I hoped to meet that grand old gent  
—Bishop Goodsell.

Forthwith I saw in this great land  
Where I had given heart and hand  
To preaching. Never work so grand  
Nor more sublime.  
It would take grace to make me stand  
True all the time.

Strange scenes of course; and furthermore  
Committees there I faced galore  
Eminations by the score  
Which were no snap.  
Debates there on the conference floor  
—Won by a lap.

I had been told those who aspire  
To rise to charges graded higher  
Must first learn how to pull the wire  
Which should not be  
In men whose works "Tried as by fire"  
At last shall be.

Hence I must say a word right here  
Let some be tempted pra'ps to sneer  
The fellows made whom I met there  
A body fine.  
A sight which could not fail to cheer  
This heart of mine

So many kind friends there I met  
Who have a place in my heart yet.  
To some I feel I owe a debt  
Of gratitude.  
But one thing I do forget  
Though it seem crude.

The Bishop pleads "We need more men".  
Straightway the Elder takes his pen  
And writes most anywhere I ken,  
He is persistent.  
The Conference spoils his plans and then  
Seems inconsistent.

The fact I was a "Candidate"  
Some little interest did create  
It was predicted that my fate  
—Mid agitation—  
Would be decided should I state  
My education.

To meet the needs I had prepared  
By strenuous effort. Nor had spared  
Myself. My "Useful life had squared"  
By labor sweet.  
My flickering lamp my struggles shared  
"Fu mony a neet"

The Conference doorway as you see  
Is built of men. Say five or three  
Nailed fast with sense and charity  
In these mens eyes  
(And others judge by their decree)  
We fall or rise.

These men I met. One took my side.  
To win for me he vainly tried  
The chairman sitting by my side  
A kind good man,  
With arguments he quick replied  
"Pass him who can"

When on the floor the names were called  
(For Conference is with work enthralled)  
I knew my case would be forestalled  
With odium blended.  
For with these words I was black-balled  
"Not recommended"

Discussion hot at once began.  
Some were "Against" some "For" "This man"  
With strong headwinds that race I ran.  
—Known to but few.  
My Superintendent—Marred his plan—  
My name withdrew.

Those honest men did me no wrong  
Not though their action may seem strong  
—They had not known me very long  
Hence I must wait  
And seek a place their ranks among  
Some later date

But all the same I went to bed  
With sickened heart and aching head.  
The doctor called on me and said  
“Tis rest you need.”  
When I was well three days had fled  
With lingering speed.

Though fate at times may roughly shove  
The Church we still must serve and love.  
Tis to the world as was Noah's dove  
With olive leaf.  
That know no grief.  
Tis nearest to the choirs above

Some humorous things too happen there  
Clean jokes in which we all may share  
Good stories which the world can't spare  
And still be blest.  
And lecturers from everywhere,  
The very best.

A story here is versified,  
The moral too you'll find applied,  
A man his automobile tried  
To run one day  
When suddenly his engine died  
Home miles away.

He cranked and cranked and cranked again  
Until his arm he held in pain  
And yet these efforts were in vain  
                                It would not budge.  
If home he made twas very plain  
                                He'd have to trudge.

He stumbled on a nobler thought  
And quick it's inspiration caught  
A ranchers home he should have sought  
                                Without delay.  
His monkey wrench he had not brought  
                                Along that day.

But when the ranchers home he found  
His question did the man astound:  
"Have you a monkey wrench around?"  
                                With scornful pride  
"Tis cattle ranch you whimpering hound"  
                                The rancher cried.

"And furthermore, this land" quoth he.  
From East to West is God's Country  
The garden spot of earth is she  
                                Long live Our Land"  
And waved his hat in highest glee.  
                                —A patriot grand.

But now the Conference had adjourned  
We toward our homes our faces turned  
Some prap's with indignation burned  
                                Or felt distressed  
Some got than better they had earned  
                                Though filled with zest.

I now was on my charge again  
Forgotten all my recent pain,  
Though moved by Conference it was plain.

I'd better stay.

Therefore I longer did remain  
On larger pay.

Then Winter came—So quick time goes—  
And keen the cold north-easter blows  
Biting your ears and cheeks and nose  
Your lips and chin.  
And boldly gnawing at your toes  
Until ycu grin.

On duty bound one winter night  
The cold winds blew. The snow fell white.  
I drove six miles and tied all right.  
Some dirty crook  
My blanket pinned and buckled tight  
Off my horse took.

Of course my blanket was a loss  
For it was new. But I was cross  
To see that poor old faithful 'hoss  
Cold shaking stand.  
Because such dirty meanness was  
Abruptly planned.

But evil oft is turned to good  
By Providence. Though like a flood  
The devil comes. John said he could  
Resisted be  
And beaten straightway dog-like would  
Turn tail and flee.

Christmas was near. At which you see  
In every church a Christmas-tree  
Where Santa fills our hearts with glee  
Both young and old.  
A lovely robe he handed me  
To fight the cold.

Another man of worth and years  
Had long lived there, And oft with tears  
The people warned. He had grave fears  
Of sin, its shame.  
That man so much like ancient seers  
Fared just the same.

Their value: Ten times what I gave  
For all that soulless brainless knave  
Took that cold night. Oh wretched slave  
To shameful sin.  
Seek mercy ere the cold dark grave  
Your slipping in.

Seek mercy now. Seek it in fear  
Live square with men. Keep conscience clear  
With Retribution, oft severe  
We must contend.  
The honest man most everywhere  
Wins in the end.

And should these verses reach the eye  
Of any thief, Make your reply  
By saying: 'Henceforth I will try  
As best I can  
By God's good grace to pass things by  
And be a man'.

Then if your conscience will not cease  
To give you pain which doth increase  
As days go by. It will release

You right away

If you will in your search for peace  
Confess and pay.

And in the future will take heed  
Less to a dogma or a creed  
Than to your ways. Tis they that lead  
To weal of woe.  
The soul when from the body freed  
It's woes may know.

The winter months have not seemed long  
Each day has brought some cause for song  
Though homesick days have been among  
The rest of life.  
A lonely man will do no wrong  
To take a wife.

Our Lecture Course was well worth while  
The talent dressed in latest style  
The evening hours would oft beguile  
With music sweet.  
A negro chorus by a mile  
All others beat

Spring now has come. Thrice welcome Spring  
Once more the birds are on the wing  
Once more their cheerful notes they sing  
Their new homes build.  
And Nature back to life doth spring  
With beauty filled.

But when Spring came we had to stare  
Right in the face a smallpox scare.  
The schools closed down and did declare  
Two weeks of rest.  
The churches did not meet for prayer,  
They thought it best.

This does not seem a dread disease  
To us out here. But if you please  
Tis deadly scourge "Across the Seas"  
There people die.  
Its ravages the gods appease  
I know not why.

If more of this you fain would know  
How it fills human hearts with woe  
How oft it deals a deadly blow  
To man or wife.  
Buy, read, and you will wiser grow.  
"Gipsy Smith's Life"

Well knowing this I thought to hide  
My face at home. On every side  
Were yellow cards both large and wide.  
The truth to tell  
At home I closely did abide,  
And so kept well.

The doctor worked both day and night.  
Announced its form was very light  
And shut them in on left and right  
And vaccinated.  
And bravely won the fight.  
It soon abated.

To tell of all that I have seen.  
 Whom I have met. Where I have been,  
 Things taking place 'behind the scene'  
                                 By base boot-leggars.  
 Of progress made by patriots clean  
                                 Description beggars.

And thus has passed my 'geenhorn' year.  
 Oft lonesome true. But kind friends here  
 Have made me welcome everywhere  
                                 Excepted none.  
 Their sympathies the heart would cheer  
                                 If made of stone.

And now kind reader ere we part  
 Let's talk together, heart to heart.  
 Give me your fist old chap, and start  
                                 This very day  
 To serve the Christ, who doth impart  
                                 Peace peace always.

Tis true that Jesus lives and saves,  
 Tis true as rolls the ocean waves,  
 Your soul this richer blessings craves  
                                 For mercy longs  
 He saveth all from seers to knaves  
                                 And fills with songs.

Why need you longer from Him stay?  
 Why wander, Oh! so far away  
 Why wait until your hair is grey  
                                 And then begin.  
 When years and years have passed away  
                                 In wrong and sin.

No other friend would you treat so  
But with them willingly would go.  
Christ is your Friend come weal or woe  
A Friend indeed,  
A Savior-Friend as all may know  
What'er their creed.

Sin is not worth the price you pay.  
Not though the world may seem so gay  
"I've played the fool" You'll cry some day.  
—Hear mercy's call  
And cry away, away, away,  
My sins and all.

The present life will sweeter be  
The future hold less mystery  
Death looming up by stern decree  
Will mean less too.  
Pax vobiscum—Peace be with thee  
Adieu, Adieu.

## THE OLD MILL BY THE DAM

All silently upon the hill  
There stands the old forsaken mill  
The river runneth slowly by  
And every ripple seems to sigh  
Once more the old mill wheel to turn.  
To laugh and leap, to foam and churn.

Her wheels are still. No more they spin  
With noisy clatter, merry din.  
The dusty miller too is gone  
The old mill standeth all alone  
Save when the sparrow builds its nest  
Or lonely pigeon stops to rest.

Her windows all are gaping wide  
Her doors unhinged and torn her side,  
The poor old mill is wounded sore  
And seems to say "I'll run no more,  
My days of usefulness are gone  
And I am broken and undone."

No more doth come the sprightly steed  
With corn or grain to grind for feed.  
The winding lane is all grown green  
And strangely peaceful is the scene.  
The rodents too have gone away  
For lack of food they could not stay.

The lordly dam well-built and strong  
Which did good work and stood there long.  
Where fisherman with hook and bait  
For carp or catfish long would wait  
All ruined lies and most washed out  
With desolation strewed about.

The ice-man used to come and go  
And haul big ice-cakes through the snow.  
He too has left the scenes of yore  
And winter bringeth him no more.  
The old boat-house is rotting down  
And tall weeds everywhere have grown.

And thus the poor old mill doth stand  
Yet eloquent she speaks and grand:  
Our fleeting hours are passing by  
As she is now so you and I  
Will one day be; Our work-time gone  
And like her broken and undone.

If we of life would make the best  
We must leap to our task with zest  
For life is but a span or so  
And we'll grow old before we know,  
Like that, old mill.—Our work—time past.  
“As is the first so is the last”.

## THE RUINED DAM

O Dam: Thou idol of us all  
Who near thee dwell or in thy town  
Thou seemed so strong, defiant, proud  
We loved thy smile, we feared thy frown.  
The silvery waters o'er thee leapt  
And sweetly sang in deep bass tones  
But now thy song has died away  
Thy strength has turned to bleaching bones  
O Dam! O Dam!

O Dam: Thou speakest to us yet  
We hear a whisper from thy tomb  
It tells of men once strong and proud  
It tells of their impending doom.  
Exalted monarchs swept away  
Before an angry human tide  
The waters rose, the ice banks formed  
Down stream went kingly strength and pride.  
O Dam! O Dam!

O Dam: We mourn thy cruel fate  
For thou art now of yesterday  
Old Father Time has swung his blade  
And snatched thee from the world away  
And so it is with both of us  
We're governed by the same decree  
Save you will never be again  
And I; Yes I shall always be.  
O Dam! O Dam!

## A RAINY SUNDAY AFTERNOON

The raindrops fall ten million strong  
All re-inforced by millions more.  
The earth has washed his muddy face  
And drank his fill through every pore.  
Has scrubbed his hands and bathed his feet  
A long shower-bath he plans to-night.  
To-morrow he will dry his skin  
With gentle winds and warm sunlight.

The sun today hides well his face  
Behind a dark and threatening sky.  
My feelings too are slightly sad  
As sparrows chirp and south-winds sigh  
Yes; it is Sunday afternoon  
And I am in the mood to write.  
As slowly pass the hours away  
And nearer draw the shades of night.

Today a friend sails o'er the sea  
—A Welshman going back to Wales.  
To visit loved ones in that land  
The place from which he fondly hails.  
But one dear friend he will not meet  
—Besides her new-made grave will stand  
For God has sent His Angels down  
And she is in the Better Land.

I seem to sail with him today,  
Our mingled feelings strangely stirred.  
On every side the white-caps foam  
Though seem through visions somewhat blurred.  
I too have those I left one day,  
We fondly kissed and said 'good-by'.  
Today in quiet peace they sleep  
Within the earth. Beneath the sky.

Next childhoods days come back to me.  
Those golden hours I used to know.  
The entrance to lifes winding ways  
Unfolding as we older grow.  
How changed the scenes. How rough the path—  
Though some still live, with children blest.  
But Oh! How many sleep today.  
In quiet scattered graves they rest.

And thus I seem to see once more  
The place made sacred by such ties.  
And nestle snugly up to God  
Beside the spot where father lies,  
And mother sleeps in quiet peace.  
Not they They live where angels sing.  
With bowed bent head I yield afresh  
Myself; My all to Christ my King.

**"THE HOUSE BESIDE THE ROAD"—A EULOGY**

Written after reading Sam Walter Foss's poem bearing the above title. The author knows nothing of The man about whom he writes save only as he has summed up the man from his very delightful and most popular poem.

Let me sing of the man who sang that song,  
Let me sing of him evermore.  
His heart seems right. In his soul is light.  
His mind is a treasure store.  
His words are sweeter than lovers charms  
There is music in every note.  
He eclipses the jubliant mocking bird  
With a thousand songs in his throat.

Let me write of the man that wrote those lines  
Let me write of him often and long.  
For he is a human of elegant grace  
And his life seems one grand sweet song.  
His ego is sending forth visions of light  
Like a fountain of luminous stars.  
He refreshes the weary; The thirsty he slakes.  
He seems as magnetic as Mars.

Let me dwell with the man who dwells among men  
Who knows how to sing and to sigh.  
Who is just a plain human without any airs  
Though his station in life may be high.  
No; I am not gone on the highbrows who think  
They are made of superior clay.  
But I love the poet who is just a plain man  
And whose greatness is seen in his lay.

Let me love with the man who loves his own race  
Who scatters good-will and not strife.  
For who loves his fellow doth also love God  
Since Love is the Fountain of Life.  
It fulfills the command which He gave unto men  
Who taught in despised Galilee.  
And said to the wayward the weary the worn  
"Let all who will come unto Me".

### THE HAPPY DAY

Hail; happy day. The very best of all the days  
That I have lived to see or e'er will see.  
For though adjustments new my ways disturb  
I now have got a mate to dwell with we  
In my snug nest. No longer now I walk alone  
But we together travel down the years  
And live and love and weep each others tears  
We are not units now. We two are one.

Hail Happy day. The bride endowed with fondest  
hopes  
Though all the future to her is unknown  
To day she trusts, yes, trust without a doubt  
For God hath said: "Not good to be alone"  
And as the bird betrothed unto its mate doth come  
So cometh she, herself, herself complete  
She gives, with tears and smiles so sweet  
Gives unto him. Her idol and her home.

Hail: Happy day. The bridegroom justly proud  
of her

Who is, today, his sweetheart and his bride.  
Lifes rugged path will now much smother be  
Since she, his day-star will be by his side  
The summer suns may shine or blow cold winters  
blast

His heart is brave. He hath a help mate true  
A complete soul, like which in Eden grew  
And will be his so long as life shall last.

Hail: Happy day. Together we join hands.  
Henceforth to face the world as man and wife  
And justly share the burdens and the joys  
So common to the pilgrims of this life.  
Our Pattern and our Guide the Christ shall ever be  
There is none else who knows and understands  
Our faltering feet, our wayward hearts and hands  
There is but one.—The Man of Galilee.

Hail: Happy day. It seems we hear the Golden  
Bells  
And with those Bells we hear the angels sing.  
True love is now enthroned upon the earth  
The love of man and love of Heavens King.  
Another Wedding Feast the Future is to see  
T'will be the Marriage Supper of the Lamb  
The faithful Christian and the Great I Am.  
That Wedding is for all Eternity

## CONGRATULATIONS.

I wish to take a little time  
To tell to you my friends in rhyme  
The many things I wish for you  
I wish my wishes may come true  
I wish you both in new relations  
Accept my warm congratulations

. . . . .

Much happiness I wish for you  
With sweetest joys attached thereto,  
And added rich and robust health  
Plus not too-much, but yet some wealth.  
I wish you friends. Yes more and more  
Friends of the kind we all adore.  
I wish you each to each be true  
—A love that's old but ever new.  
I wish you free from every pain,  
—As you are now may you remain.  
I wish appendicitis may  
By you be ever kept at bay,  
Tuberculosis gaunt-like form  
Nor you nor yours may never harm.  
No rheumatism in your bones  
Until you seek relief in groans  
I wish the air around you free  
From germs or dangerous bacilli  
That no disease on you will prey  
But keep ten thousand miles away.  
I wish you not one trying hour  
—The kind that makes our tempers sour.  
No days when everything goes wrong  
And seems to take from life the song.  
I wish the flowers may smile on you  
For God has pleased to make them so.  
I wish for you the birds may sing  
The sweetest carols they can bring.

The trees stretch out their long green arms  
To shield you mid the storms alarms  
I wish the hills tell you of God  
—The hills that Christ feet often trod  
I wish the seas moan in your ears  
Lest ye forget a world of tears.  
The skies above you ever blue  
—Gods arch of grand ethereal hue  
I wish the stars their silvery light  
May scatter 'long your path each night.  
I wish the moon—The Travelers friend  
To you its borrowed rays may lend  
And may 'Old Sol' with kindly glare  
Direct towards you his gentle stare.  
I wish that heaven and earth combine  
To crown your lives with light Divine.  
I wish right here to change my strain  
And come right down to earth again.  
I wish you neat and well-kept house  
May never know one little mouse.  
Your beds of clean and spotless white  
The noblest souls may rest at night.  
Each welcome well-met well-fed guest  
May rank among earths very best  
I wish you never fell downstairs  
Necessitating quick repairs  
I wish each night in peace you sleep  
While guardian angels near you keep.  
Your dreams the kind that Jacob dreamed  
A ladder reaching Heaven it seemed  
With myriad angels bright and fair  
Ascending and descending there.  
May only good come neath your roof  
And only bad stay far aloof.  
I wish you music of the best  
Pianos, Trombones and the rest  
And may your fingers deftly fly

Along their notes both low and high  
Until the air is all replete  
With music rich and soft and sweet.  
I wish you sing with well-trained voice  
The songs your heart has made its choice  
Producing music from the soul  
Like harps sweet note or snare-drums roll.  
I wish you books. A goodly store  
Of Dickens, Scott and many more.  
The works of poets great and small  
Shakespeare and Homer, Burns and all.  
The work of scientists of note  
Philosophies the best afloat,  
Good histories of every race  
Whose works have won for them a place.  
I wish you humorous works—A chain  
From Chaucer down to Good Mark Twain.  
I wish you love more than your gold  
The story ever new though old  
“The Book of God”, “The Word of Light”  
“The Chart of Heaven”, “The Sword of Might”.  
The Book that guides our wandering feet  
And makes our trust in God complete.  
I wish among my many wishes  
Your pantry filled with costly dishes  
And with it all a varied mass  
Of all that's best among cut-glass.  
I wish your larder filled with steak  
With pork and cheese and pies and cake.  
Three times each day your table spread  
With choicest foods. ‘Our daily bread’  
A cup of black-tea steeping hot  
With more tea steeping in the pot,  
And when your tastes still craving seem  
A piled up dish of good ice-cream.  
I wish all these things may be yours  
And all things else your heart implores.

I wish your home may never burn  
From causes you will never learn  
Nor from a flue or faulty wires  
—These two have caused a host of fires.  
I wish no burglar, beggar, thief  
Call at your home and cause you grief.  
May all such like pass by your door  
“Poor devils” or “The devils poor”  
I wish the lightnings lurid light  
Strike not your home with all its might  
No meteor dropping from the skies  
Drop where your ship at anchor lies.  
No angry cyclones hit your town  
To tear things up and smash things down.  
No floods come seething through your street  
No hail storms on your windows beat  
No land-slides tumbling plunge headlong  
Where you or ought you own belong.  
I wish the earth may never quake  
You and your home a victim make.  
No air-ship passing o’er your head  
Crash down on you when you’re in bed  
No pestilences in the air  
No war with all its death and glare.  
(God send the day when wars shall cease  
I pray you work and pray for peace)  
I wish you horses kind and good  
And carriages of cedar-wood.  
The kind that will not run away  
But always word and rein obey.  
I wish you driving fast and far.  
The latest style of ‘motor-car’  
And in an air-plane oft to ride  
So high the clouds the earth will hide  
I wish you in a big balloon,  
Go sweetly sailing toward the moon.  
And on the finest, fastest train

To ride or valley hill and plain.  
A lovely yacht to sail the seas  
To take a trip just when you please.  
A submarine I wish you'd keep  
And know the wonders of the deep.  
From accidents I would you spare  
On land, on sea, or in the air.  
I wish you mansion, parks and deer  
With orchards, gardens, pens for bear.  
May you own factories, fields and farms  
And woods and lakes with all their charms  
With lots of time to fish and hunt  
The game just crowding round your punt.  
A well-kept watch-dog bold and brave  
To guard your tent and be your slave.  
I wish you lovely silken gowns  
The very best the country owns.  
Huge diamonds, pins and rings of gold  
And jewels rare: Of worth untold  
All things I wish I cannot name  
But may they reach you all the same.  
And since it is the truth that wins  
I wish for you one pair of twins.  
For one night may you walk the floor.  
Just one whole night. Not any more.  
I wish their faces full of smiles  
Their laughter heard for many miles  
I wish their tongues go like small clocks  
I wish them auburn hair in locks.  
I wish their eyes a pretty blue  
I wish their cheeks all rosy too.  
I wish their tiny little feet  
Go pitter-patter on the street.  
I wish they climb upon your knees  
To pull your hair to hug and squeeze.  
I wish they say "Tiss me mamma"  
And then likewise "Me lubs papa".

I wish they seem like jewels rare  
Given of God your love to share  
I wish all mad-dogs far away  
From where these sweet-heart children play.  
I wish then thousand blessings come  
And twice ten thousand to your home.  
And now I wish to say "Adieu"  
My parting words "God be with you".  
And though the mighty sea us parts  
I crave a wee place in your hearts.  
I wish when bowed your knees in prayer  
You one petition for me spare.  
And when to Heaven I lift mine eyes  
To pray for you I'll not despise.  
Old friends, old scenes thus hallowed seem,  
So think of me. Of you I'll dream.  
I wish you life for many years  
With them no cause for bitter tears.  
Each year just like a bird flits by,  
May you stay young. May you aim high,  
May Death call on you very late,  
Your age may it be counted 'great'.  
Your graves ere be the fairest spot  
On some green hill. Some well-kept lot.  
And in the City of the Dead  
A big mausoleum house your bed.  
Well guarded by six tall pine trees  
Fanned daily by a gentle breeze.  
May sweetest carols scent the air  
The thrush and robin carol there.  
And may the place be hallowed ground  
The place where your remains are found.  
And strangers passing by your bed  
May silent stand or softly tread.  
When your souls reach the Pearly Gate  
For you may good Saint Peter wait  
And in the Name of Christ declare

That you are more than welcome there,  
For on God's Records are made known  
The faith and works which were your own.  
Your faith in Heaven. Your trust in God.  
Belief in Christs all-Cleansing Blood.  
Your acts of love. Your work of grace  
Your kindness to the human race.  
Your prayers and labors for the soul  
You thought in Christ could be made whole.  
Your noble lives. Your gentle mien  
Your symaphies so fresh and keen,  
Your words so full of hope and cheer  
And other things are written there.  
Then Heaven's Gate is opened wide  
Respectfully you step inside  
And walk along its ways of gold  
Whose glories never can be told.  
What there awaits the saved and blest  
Cannot be known until we rest  
Beneath the folds of some shade tree,  
The life well-spent. The soul set free.  
You reach the Great White Throne of God,  
None but good souls, that path hath trod  
Arrayed in robes of purest white  
With myriad souls,—A glorious sight—  
You join them while they sing that song  
Known only to that blood-washed throng.  
The scene here ends. The curtain drops.  
Right here my quiet musings stops.

. . . . .

I wish my faults you will excuse  
For I am but a budding muse  
And will perhaps some future day  
Have something more worthwhile to say.  
And this is my apology  
I study most theology.

## SOLDIERS OF DEMOCRACY

The boys have gone! Yes, our boys,  
The boys we loved and schooled and raised,  
And prayed for—If we pray at all—  
Its left us sort of half-way dazed.  
The boys who played their boyish pranks  
Mixed fun with work each working day,  
Made life one happy cheerful round,  
These boys—Our boys—have gone away.  
    But they'll come back some better day  
    —At least all who survive the fray—  
    With smiles and yells and many a shout  
    They'll wave their campaign hats about.  
    Today they stalk the 'beastly Hun'  
    With rifle and quick-firing gun.  
    They fight for you. They fight for me  
    The Soldiers of Democracy

The boys have gone! Yes, our boys.  
The olive drab today they wear.  
We saw them off: We waved 'good-by'  
Old Glory flew o'er many a tear.  
But they were brave and so were we  
For firm resolve crowned feelings bad.  
We pledged ourselves to see this through  
Not one would fail that soldier lad.  
    But we shall see again some day  
    —No, not the boys who went away—  
    They will be changed. They will be men!  
    One year will age them more than ten.  
    If I make bold the truth to tell  
    They will have passed through worse than hell.  
    Through dangers thick on land and sea  
    As Soldiers of Democracy.

The boys have gone! Yes, our boys,  
 Our flesh and blood. Our kith and kin.  
 Four millions march to meet the foe  
 Each man resolved to die or win.  
 "The Old Flag never touched the Ground"  
 By God's Good grace she still floats high.  
 That's why our boys have gone away  
 That's why today we said 'good-by'  
     They will return some better day  
     —Though some, alas! in France will stay.  
     In soldier terms will have "Gone West"  
     'Beneath the daisies' ever rest.—  
 They will have got the Potsdam Gang  
 Despite that hell-born serpents fang.  
 Our love, our prayers, shall follow thee  
 Proud Soldier of Democracy.

BOYS IN BLUE

I met one day a boy in blue  
 A' standing by the highway  
 With head erect and eyes that shone  
 Like stars in the blue sky-way.  
 I said "Hello! Where are you from?"  
 He answered. "From the West, Sir"  
 Then vanished for he drove away.  
 I s'pose he thought it best, Sir.  
 Though gone; In thought I followed him  
 And rode the stormy billow.  
 I felt my heart a'warming to'ard  
 That brave and hearty fellow.  
     Hats off to you  
     Brave boy in blue

We love you. Yes, we love you.  
And often pray  
The live-long day  
To Him who dwells above you.  
Still on you go  
Though strong winds blow,  
Nor heed the stormy billow  
Hats off to you  
Brave boys in Blue,  
My hale, my hearty fellow.

On board a steamer small one day  
I sailed around some gun-boats.  
Tis true that they were Allies all,  
For none of them were Hun boats.  
I saw the helmsman near the helm,  
The gunner on the starboard  
The seaman washing off the decks  
The "Middie" to the larboard.  
Emotions strange crept o'er my soul,  
My heart leaped to'ard those fellows.  
For day and night safe watch they kept  
Upon the stormy billows.

Hats off to you  
Brave boy in blue  
We love you. Yes, we love you.  
And often pray  
The live-long day  
To Him who dwells above you.  
Still on you go  
Though strong winds blow,  
Nor heed the stormy billows  
Hats off to you  
Brave boys in Blue,  
My hale and hearty fellows.

I saw one night a clear bright light  
A' shining 'cross a sea-lane.  
I knew a fighting ship lay there  
Or else a giant sea-plane.  
I knew each boy was at his post.  
That each would do the bidding  
Of duties call. Yes each and all,  
'Bout that there is no kidding.  
Upon that spot I fixed my gaze.  
Then prayed: "God bless those fellows."  
I knew that they were heroes all  
And rode the stormy billows.

Hats off to you  
Brave boy in blue  
We love you. Yes, we love you.  
And often pray  
The live-long day  
To Him who dwells above you.  
Still on you go  
Though strong winds blow,  
Nor heed the stormy billows  
Hats off to you  
Brave boys in Blue,  
My hale and hearty fellows.

I saw one day a ship of grey  
To port come slowly steaming.  
Her visage marred and battle-scarred.  
For war is more than seeming.  
Her crew. Some lamed; some badly maimed  
In battles wild commotion  
And in the strife some gave their life  
And sank beneath the ocean.  
O Christ of love in Heaven above  
Who stilled the angry billows  
Be with each crew of boys in blue  
Protect and Save these fellows.

Hats off to you  
Brave boy in blue  
We love you. Yes, we love you.  
And often pray  
The live-long day  
To Him who dwells above you.  
Still on you go  
Though strong winds blow,  
Nor heed the stormy billows  
Hats off to you  
Brave boys in Blue,  
My hale and hearty fellows.

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### MY INDULGENCE

Some folks like good buttermilk  
Some folks like root-beer  
Some folks like to 'preciate  
Some folks like to sneer.  
Some folks like to work all day  
Some folks like to loaf  
Some folks like to do big things  
Some folks like to bluff  
For all of these I do not crave  
One thing is dear to me:  
Just pass the sugar and the cream  
And a cup of good black tea.  
Give me one cup  
Give me two cups  
Yes give me three or four.  
And if the teapot still holds out  
I'll take a couple more.

Give me seven cups  
Give me eight cups  
Yes, make it nine and ten.  
And if you still are friend o'mine  
I'll take another then.

Some folks like to play baseball.  
Some folks like to root.  
Some folks like to play at golf  
Some folks like to shoot  
Some folks like to ride a horse  
Some folks like to walk.  
Some folks like to play the flute  
Some folks like to talk  
These things may be good and clean  
They don't appeal to me  
Without the sugar and the cream  
And a cup of good black tea  
Give me one cup  
Give me two cups  
Yes give me three or four.  
And if the teapot still holds out  
I'll take a couple more.  
Give me seven cups  
Give me eight cups  
Yes, make it nine and ten.  
And if you still are friend o'mine  
I'll take another then.

Some folks like good apple-pie  
Some folks angel cake.  
Some folks like good oyster stew  
Some folks like beef steak.  
Some folks long for sauerkraut  
Some folks crave for ham.  
Some folks love a weine roast

Some folks like plum jam.  
And none of these would I despise  
But they seem poor to me  
Without the sugar and the cream  
And a cup of good black tea.

Give me one cup  
Give me two cups  
Yes give me three or four.  
And if the teapot still holds out  
I'll take a couple more.  
Give me seven cups  
Give me eight cups  
Yes, make it nine and ten.  
And if you still are friend o'mine  
I'll take another then.

Some folks like to mix with folks  
Some folks live alone  
Some folks take the marriage vow  
Some are never won.  
Some folks like to have their way  
Some folks do not care.  
Some folks like to boss the job  
Some folks would not dare.  
'Bout such as these I've nought to say  
One thing looks good to me.  
Just pass the sugar and the cream  
And a cup of good black tea.

Give me one cup  
Give me two cups  
Yes give me three or four.  
And if the teapot still holds out  
I'll take a couple more.  
Give me seven cups  
Give me eight cups  
Yes, make it nine and ten.  
And if you still are friend o'mine

I'll take another then.

O you may cry "Extravagant"  
 And sort of pious look  
 Tea is not an intoxicant.  
 Condemned in the Good Book.  
 And I have gone without it  
 For a whole year at a spell  
 But just the same I love it  
 And the truth I aim to tell.  
 Yes, I'm a friend of goodness  
 And the church is dear to me.  
 But I have got a weakness great  
 For a cup of good black tea.  
     Give me one cup  
     Give me two cups  
     Yes, give me three and four  
     And if the teapot still holds out  
     I'll take a couple more.  
     Give me seven cups  
     Give me eight cups  
     Yes, make it nine and ten.  
     And if you are not ashamed of me  
     I'll drink another then.

SONNET ON LIFE

And what is life? The victory of a soul  
 O'er all the latent tendencies to sin.  
 To cast out self; The Larger Self to win;  
 The Self which is our aim and end and goal

Of Life we read much in the Sacred Scroll  
 It's source and secret are contained therein.  
 With love of truth tis very much akin  
 And all that Adam was when he was whole.

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Would we know life; We must be true and brave
And love all folks; and Him who life doth give.
Not 'fraid of death; but 'fraid we may not live
Like Him who came the whole wide world to save

Though all the world with teachings long was rife
Christ spake: "I am the Way, the Truth, the Life".

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### SONNET ON DEATH

What is this death? The passing of a soul  
Into eternity. Where it doth dwell  
As spirit is not known. Nor can we tell  
Ought of its shape while on the ages roll.

But when at last some friends for us shall toll  
The stately solemn muffled old church bell  
The pain which loved ones feel they seek to quell  
Believing we have safely reached the goal

When we lie sleeping in our earthy bed  
Returned, as wisdom saith, "Dust unto dust"  
Will realize the hope which all men trust  
Will earn the secret known but to the dead

Will understand that cry above earth's strife.  
"I am the Resurrection and the Life."

## SONNET ON WORSHIP

(A Soliloquy)

Why should I go to Church on Sunday twice,  
And take in sermons be they ere so good  
And pray, and sing old time worn hymns? I would  
Prefer to spare myself such sacrifice.

Who says I ought to go? Is it not nice  
To spend the Sabbath as I please. I could  
Have pleasant times. Besides tis understood  
Religion's had at much too high a price.

But was a good thing ever had for nought?  
And things worth while are things that always cost.  
And if my character and soul are lost  
I have lost all no matter what I sought

Since this is true to Church then I must go  
For there they teach the things I need to know.



## SONNET ON SIN

Sin lies in disobedience to God  
In will or deed. We wisely have been taught.  
Unholy acts of life Unhallowed thought.  
Forbidden fruits. The path by Adam trod.

Sin is to walk with feet that are not shod  
With gospel preparation. To have wrought  
Along a road unlovely and unsought  
Except to those who seek God's chastening rod.

Sin is to turn away from Highest Good  
The Father's House. His kindly yearning love.  
Not to believe, when all around, above  
Are signs of God's true tender Fatherhood.

How long; How long O Christ shall sin abound  
In human hearts? In Thee sin was not found.



### THE BED-BUG AND THE BUG

I sought my room. I shut my door. The key I  
safely turned .  
For I travelled three days straight, a good nights  
rest had earned.  
My prayers were said while snow-white sheets did  
make a strong appeal  
With pillow soft and downy, all my tiredness to heal.  
I slept. I dreamed. I s'pose I snored and woke that  
bedbug up  
At any rate he sallied forth like Buster Brown's  
bull pup.  
He chewed my legs, he bit my back. That creature  
sucked my blood.  
An uninvited parasite who feasted long and good.

I have known folks much like him in a way that I  
will tell.

Their nerve has chased their sense away; their heads  
an empty shell.

They victimize their 'relatives' and 'friends' they  
treat likewise,

Their visits are indefinite; they're governed by no  
ties.

Propriety is nought to them they go just where they  
please,

Convenient or otherwise they're perfectly at ease.

Compared with such that lone bedbug who preyed  
on me that night.

Was educated, cultured, well-refined and most polite.



## A RATTLESNAKE AND ANOTHER SNAKE

I wandered o'er the prairies near Dakota's bleak  
Black Hills

And heard the distant music of her rivulets and rills  
Accompanied by voices weird that sang in mystic  
tones

Of frontier life; the gallant charms to all but knaves  
and drones

They sang the praise of heroes brave: The men of  
yesterday

Who drove the Red skinned warriors back and settled  
there to stay.

I wildly shrieked! Ten feet I jumped! Perspired  
With fear did shake!

Twas the warning and the gleaming eyes of an  
angry rattle-snake.

I wandered next mid different scenes: Society I  
sought  
Charmed by orchestral music and the sweetest vocal  
note.  
They moved in shining silken robes; wore sparkling  
diamond rings.  
That audience would most outshine the Courts of  
Europe's Kings.  
Arrested by a female voice I caught her gleaming  
eyes,  
Her tongue was filled with venom and her words  
were filthy lies.  
Great God! I yelled! I jumped again! Which did  
confusion make.  
I loathe a gossip-monger as I loathe a rattle-snake.

### THE FORD CAR AND THE TRAIN

Twas Sunday morn: The 'phone bell rang. A farmer  
on the line  
Called up his neighbor for a chat. The weather it  
was fine.  
"Come bring the folks along" he said, "Lets spend  
the day together.  
You can't afford to stay at home this glorious Spring  
weather."  
And so the 'little Ford' was cranked; the family got  
in.  
And soon the neighbors home was reached. Twas  
but a little spin.  
The children in the school-going togs played on 'til  
well past noon.  
Indoors two women cooked the meal and laid each  
knife and spoon.  
"The men! The men! Where are those men?" They  
oft were heard to say.  
"We've waited now 'til three-fifteen, at ten they

went away."

They had to eat without them, for the meal time  
long was past.

—They always eat without them now when 'er they  
break their fast.

Those two men and that 'little Ford' had sought a  
place in point

The Ford drank nought but water while they hit' a  
bootleg joint,

Then started home. The booze they'd drank accelerated speed.

They did not see that train at all nor crossing-warnings heed.

Twas over in a moments space: A crash; A scream;  
A yell.

The 'little Ford' was in the ditch. Those men in  
Heaven—or Hell.

I saw that badly smashed machine. The bottles and  
the brains

A-strewed along the railway track.—Don't pay to fool  
with trains.

Somehow I feel a scene like that would turn a black  
man white,

For booze had turned God's Day of Rest to darkest  
blackest night.

God pity them. God pity us unless we strike him  
down

—John Barleycorn alias Booze, of infamous renown.

The funeral hour. The crowds flocked in their sym-  
pathies to show

But all the same we laid them by mid scenes of deepest woe.

God help us all the better to fight, your enemy and  
mine.

And beat the devil at his game and bust his "Wacht  
am Rhein."

## THAT TELL-TALE SHOE

I was out a-raising money for a Cause both great and grand.

I called on people everywhere:—A canvass had been planned.

I called on people eating and when working in the field.

I even called on wash day:—Not good policy I yield.

I called on ladies cleaning house or putting gardens in.

I called on farmers planting corn or ready to begin.

I called where there were eighteen folks. I called where there was one

I called where they were 'going to town'. I called where they had gone.

I called where they were cleaning grain or doing up the chores.

I called on people on the street or trading in the stores.

I called on men in barbers' chairs or buying gasoline

I called on folks I'd met before and folks I'd never seen.

I was calling, calling calling calling 'gain and yet again

I'd take life on 'Treasure Island' to another such campaign.

I called 'til I was calling sick and almost calling mad

I promised God I would not fail.—God help me if I had.

The scene is staged: A stylish home. A farmhouse near the road.

The man reported well-to-do but carrying quite a load  
He's busy working in the field: His clothes well dashed with mud.

His ears he straightway loans to me. My case I

---

now make good.

I get a sort of promise then return to take my car  
The distance from the field and house is never very  
far.

The lady tall polite and kind bids me now step inside  
The family are all in there and visitors beside.

With music sweet she entertains since she has learn-  
ed to play

And upright player-piano brought into her home that  
day.

“My Old Kentucky Home” is heard and then tis “Old  
Black Joe”

Two old plantation melodies; both old yet ever new.  
That drawing room is spacious and its guests are  
courteous too

But all is spoiled.—A trifling thing. A naughty tell-  
tale shoe.

She’s peddling hard: The music stops. I leave.  
Try not to see

That shoeless foot. That heelless sock. That smil-  
ing company.

There is a moral to my tale. That moral is applied.  
If we allow what we condemn, wrong will refuse to  
hide.

Our faults will ventilate themselves when other folks  
are there

And we shall be embarrassed and perhaps act kind  
of queer.

The lady mentioned in the case her foot held neath  
her dress

I was polite and came away, the right thing too I  
guess.

I tried to make believe that not a thing was out of  
place

Apologized for going so soon and left with perfect  
grace.

And yet a lesson I had learned and thus myself addressed  
"My soul be what you seem to be or you will go unblest,  
If you have faults and hide them rest assured they will be known,  
Not what you seem but what you are will bring its own renown."  
What then I said unto myself, I now would say to you:—  
We all must mend our stockings or the holes some day will show.  
While playing there her shoe fell off and showed that gaping hole  
Before God tis not what we seem but what is IN THE SOUL.

~~~~~

AN ARDENT LOVER

Long years ago I left her though I loved her through and through.
She was beautiful yet treacherous. She was false yes grandly true.
Oft while leaning on her bosom I have seen the tear-drops fall
And her heart was wildly beating yet she smiled on through it all.
Yes she loved me, kissed me, hugged me, claimed me as her very own
While her breath was sweet with flowers and she wore a silken gown.

Ten thousand times she pled with me, she wooed me
night and day
And her wooings were the strongest on the day I
came away.

I waved a fond farewell to her as from the port we
sailed
From the shore she sweetly kissed me though her
wooings now had failed.
And I watched her 'til the distance wider and yet
wider grew
And my heart was aching sadly when she faded from
my view
I knew she blessed and prayed for me. I blessed
and prayed for her
And with emotions new and strange my heart was
all astir.
Just then my eyes turned mastward: Lo! her flag
was floating there
I stood erect; saluted; then walked briskly to my
chair.

She had children. A great many. Some poor;
some had great wealth
Some underfed and suff'ring others blessed with
robust health.
They had sapphires, rubies, diamonds and a crown
of jewels rare
Honors, titles, mansions, castles, gold in plenty and
to spare.
These exalted favored children oft their loyalty had
proved
But not more than other heroes who had died to prove
their love.
Her virtues, they were many and as many were her
sins.
Nor could I love her less for these. Hence here my
tale begins.

~~~~~  
Twould seem I am impervious to good designed for  
me.

With heart like bold Gibraltar's Rocks who scorn a  
moaning sea.

Stern soldier-like and militant of sentiment undone  
A frozen unthawed iceberg that resists the summer  
sun.

Oh false impression flee away. Ye do, ye do me  
wrong?

Tis not with rocks and icebergs and the like that I  
belong.

I loved her: She who wooed me. Yes, her eloquence  
was grand.

But I sought one younger, fairer, hence I left MY  
NATIVE LAND.

~~~~~  
THE NIGHT.

The night is upon us; the day star has vanished;
The Sun hides his blushes behind yonder hills.
Man hurrieth homeward; birds nestle in stillness,
Bright stars by the million heavens highway now fills

The earth is in darkness; we sleep 'til the morning
Shall bid us return to lifes tasks left undone.
How welcome the darkness; thrice welcome the day-
break,
The glory, the challenge of day just begun

The earth now is smiling: her tears she has banished
—The dew-drops that fell from her cheeks in the
night

The flowers are blooming; her busy bees humming,
The trees of the field clap their hands with delight.

So let us be happy since light follows darkness
And smiles force their way through our oft falling
tears.

We traverse lifes highways or grass covered by-ways
Our Sun will 'go down' at the end of the years.



THE BULLHEAD AND THE SHITEPOKE .

One day I went a fishing with a hook and rod and line
I did not have 'no luck at all' though some said
'fishings fine'

I used as bait a score of things from beefsteak down
to bread

And sat a full half day to catch one homely old bull-
head.

One day I went a hunting for big antelope or deer
Though I confess such game as that might give me
quite a scare

I did not see 'no game at all' and hunting seemed a
joke

For the only bird that crossed my path was a long-
necked old shitepoke.

One day I went a preaching for the souls of men to

save

My mind was stored with Truth Divine and grace my
heart did crave

I thought to catch some men that day, some sinner's
heart to win

A short man and tall wife I found with mean con-
temptuous grin.

My fishing trip was not in vain because it pleasure
gave

The flowers and trees and rocks were there, the
birds, the winds, the wave,

They sang to me; they sang one song Love made
them all and me

My heart rejoiced, my soul seemed filled with eager
childish glee.

My hunting trip was well worth while, I walked full
seven miles

My cheeks were red when I returned and radiant
with smiles

My appetite was sharpened and I slept like Jacob
when

He dreamed a dream of angels though that night I
dreamed of men.

My preaching trip did some folks good, that follows
as a rule

But those afore I speak of were the big frogs of
the pool,

Frogs did I say? I take that back; apologize with
speed

He was a 'bullhead Anglophile, and she a 'shitepoke
Swede'.

WHEN THE KIDS START PLAYING MARBLES
AND THE BIRDS BEGIN TO SING

When the wintry winds are blowing and the snow
in gentle flakes
Lays her blanket warm and fleecy o'er the earth—
her hills and lakes
When the eaves are growing chin-beards formed from
icicles that hang
When we freeze in zero weather and tis winter with
a bang.
When the trees are hibernating or like skeletons
stand mute
When the song birds have gone southward and we
miss their pipe and lute.
Tis we sigh nath winters burdens and each day we
long for Spring
—When the kids start playing marbles and the birds
begin to sing.

When the winter days are over and the Spring-time
has appeared
When the coal-piles cease to lessen and the blizzards
are not feared.
When the farmer takes his tractor or perhaps his
faithful mules
And he plows his fields with ardor while his own best
judgement rules.
When the hogs are rooting up the soil and do not
need the shade
And the cackling hens announce the egg deposits
they have made.
The balmy days are here again.—Tis Winter turned
to Spring..
For the kids are playing marbles and the birds be-
gin to sing.

When summer days are here once more and it is
scorching hot,

We seek relief in cooling arts when such arts may
be got.

When the corn is growing taller by an inch or two
each day

With the tossles fast appearing 'long with stacks
of new-mown hay.

When the cat-fields have grown yellow and the
harvest is at hand,

And our undulating cuntry is a picture great and
grand.

It makes us think of Heaven's Plains: But what
about the Spring

—When the kids start playing marbles and the
birds begin to sing.

When Autumn days have rolled around and Nature
bows her head

The green has changed to amber-hues or sort of
greenish red.

The fruit-trees laden down with fruit have thickly
strewed the ground

And everywhere abundant signs of 'bundance may
be found.

The shocks have turned to lone straw-piles, the
stubble has been plowed

While the house-wife of her well canned fruits is
sort of justly proud.

The silos sides are bulging out: E'en then we wait
for Spring

—When the kids start playing marbles and the birds
begin to sing.

And thus it is the years flit by, the seasons come
and go.

~~~~~

And with them come the summers heat the winter's  
 frosts and snow,  
 The milder days of Spring and Fall when all seems  
 bright and gay  
 —Oh! that the brighter days of life might longer  
 with us stay.  
 Each season brings its share of good; of good for  
 you and me  
 Yet long ago I made my choice: My choice shall  
 ever be.  
 The days when life springs back to life; the time  
 we call the Spring  
 —When the kids start playing marbles and the  
 birds begin to sing.



## THE BULL DOG AND THE CHAIN

It was Autumn. It was evening. I had stayed long  
 with my books.  
 Hence I strode around the village, sought its still  
 sequestered nooks.  
 The Hermit Thrust was singing from the tree top  
 in the grove  
 While the blue jay screeched his contrast to the  
 silent mourning dove.  
 The trees were robed in beauty green with many a  
 colored tint  
 And the western skies spread canvass showed the  
 artists glad imprint.  
 I drank my fill of Natures Art to soothe my weary  
 brain,  
 When I saw a friendly bulldog tugging leaping at  
 his chain.

I strolled along the beach one day and heard the  
wild waves sing  
Above them circled myriads of seabirds on the wing.  
The little pools the tide had left were everywhere  
about  
With scattered crowds of youngsters stepping bare-  
foot in and out.  
A fairy sweet with golden curls fast plied her little  
spade  
The sea she planned to empty in the trench which  
she had made.  
Her pail she filled a score of times, her efforts were  
in vain  
Like that playful friendly bulldog tugging leaping at  
his chain.

I met a weary pilgrim who had strayed far from the  
West  
His mind was filled with fallacies his soul with eager  
lust  
He talked of 'revelations' Joseph Smith and Brigham  
Young  
And gave us all a lashing with an ill-directed tongue  
He mourned us all as ruined lost from old men down  
to youth  
And prayed us to enlightened be with 'Old Jerusalem'  
Truth.  
His words fell harmless on our heads. The truth  
is more than plain.  
Just another playful bull dog tugging leaping at his  
chain

And thus are taught lifes lessons as each day we  
journey on.  
The tragedy about it is how soon our tasks are done.  
We are mostly chasing bubbles through a thin  
elusive air

Bursting ere our hands have grasped them leaving  
dark and deep despair.

A mystery ship we sail in largely on a phantom sea  
Often wondering and debating what the end is going to be

But this is good philosophy and I would say again  
Always leave a friendly bulldog tugging leaping at  
his chain.

---

## THE ACCIDENT OF BIRTH

### I

Who has not heard in days of old  
There lived a warrior brave and bold  
Whose brothers mean one fateful day,  
Conspired against and drove away.

The reason for this heartless deed  
—No Reuben here his cause to plead—  
Was simply this:—He came to earth  
Cursed by the accident of birth.

His mother was a harlot vile  
Who lived perhaps in royal style,  
And when her child was born he had  
A lecherous monarch for his dad.

Therefore his brothers drove him out,  
And taunted him with many a shout.  
His outraged soul cursed each and all.  
—He drank the bitter dregs of gall.

Now in his veins ran kingly blood  
Combined with vilest motherhood.  
Straight to the land of Tob he fled,  
The bandits cave was now his bed.

As chief of daring outlaw bands  
He lead his men to other lands.  
He pillaged, murdered:—Truth to tell  
Where Jephthah went twas just plain hell.

He slew in long and bloody fights  
The fierce and warlike Ammonites.  
And then as war with Ephraim grew  
Full fifty thousand men he slew.

When victory caused the war to cease  
For seven years he ruled in peace.  
The people loved him. Well they might  
—Could rule as good as he could fight.

An honest soul will eulogize  
None but the great, the good, the wise.  
Will pity those who come to earth  
Cursed by the accident of birth.

## II

A word about the Ammonites  
Whom Jephthah slew in hard-fought fights.  
They too were outlaws fierce and bold  
With crimes to numerous to be told.

---

But we must learn their origin  
Before we judge their heinous sin.  
Like Jephthah, Ammon came to earth  
Cursed by the accident of birth.

In Sodom lived a man named Lot,  
Describe his sin: I'd rather not.  
Twas wine he drank. The rest is known.  
—They called him Ammon when he'd grown.

### III

Nations and people still today  
Walk more or less the sinners way.  
And some there are who come to earth  
Cursed by the accident of birth.

What shall we say of deeds of shame?  
Of vilest sins too foul to name?  
Of lost abandoned shameless lives?  
Of libertines and faithless wives?

What shall we say of dread disease  
With all its frightful ravages?  
The brand of Cain on souls unborn,  
And Innocence held up to scorn

What shall we say of lives 'laid down'?  
Careers of crime, their vile renown?  
What of the hard of 'cruel fate'?  
What of the souls Eternal State?

If others had lived straight and clean  
Then Jephthah's faults would not have been.  
If Lot had lived as all men should  
Then Ammon would have spilled no blood.

If we would sometimes stop and weigh  
The thing we do, the thing we say.  
The world would know far less of pain  
And we would know far more of gain.

We cannot all bequeath great wealth  
We can give vigor, life and health.  
Our children crown with truest worth  
Blest by the accident of birth.

The Way of Life let us pursue  
Tis rich with blessings ever new.  
It negatives our deepest woe.  
Brings lasting peace where 'er we go.

---

### MY WISHES

I do not ask a hundred things then twice two hundred  
more.  
Tis gold I want for gold is good and gold I would  
implore  
Wealth brings the care that buyeth health, a miracle  
it works  
Then build our schools and colleges, our hospitals

and kirks.

Then I want knowledge of the best, the sciences and  
arts,

Why God has made this world of ours and why  
these human hearts.

Don't tell me knowledge puffeth up, that shows a  
shallow mind.

The more we know the less we know is wisdoms  
path you'll find.

I want a lot of common sense, real horse sense;  
more and more.

If I could choose like Solon an I'd own a sense cold-  
store.

I'd have the mind of Socrates, the humor of Mark  
Twain.

The good sound sense of "Honest Abe" again and  
yet again.

. . . . .  
Yes I want gold with power to use that gold in doing  
good.

I knowledge want for knowledge is a power well  
understood.

And common sense the kind I seek is blessing rich  
and rare

But God of Grace give me Thyself is my supremest  
prayer.

---

### SATIRE ON A LIAR

I know not who has done this thing

Nor where to fix the blame.

I know he shet wide of the mark

And badly missed his aim.

He wrote of me. I write of him.  
—A lesson for to teach  
That truth may lash his soot-black soul  
Like angry waves the beach.

He dares to scratch my name beneath  
A challenge and a threat  
Someone has stolen someone's book.  
—An act we all regret.

He thus suggests I have that book  
—He is a healthy liar.  
A moral burglar shoots at me  
And I return his fire.

To use mild terms on such young braves.  
Is but to waste your time.  
A spades a spade. A fools a fool  
A madmans crime's a crime.

No principle dwells in his soul  
No conscience and no scruple.  
There's just one place where that boob shines  
—The Devil's high-grade pupil.

And should he die in that said state  
He's apt to dwell for ever  
Where wild-eyed demons scamp and scream  
And mercy comes; No never.

Someone has stolen someone's book  
Thereby caused someone grief.  
Go find this shameless liar  
And you've got the dirty thief.

## IN HOSPITAL

Kind friend who comest here to stay  
Be not o'er burdened with thy grief.  
Good souls dwell here who with great skill  
Will seek to give thy pain relief.  
Strange thoughts are thine and stranger moods  
While gloomy feelings with thee stay,  
Alternate hopes and fears combine  
With longings for a brighter day.  
Bid fear depart for God is here  
He listens to your every prayer.

But thou hast friends who grieve today,  
—Be glad for these. God gave them thee.  
They watch beside thy pain-tossed bed  
With cheerful tender sympathy.  
And should the worst here come to thee  
The worst is better than the best  
Since death is but the gateway to  
The Realms of Everlasting Rest.  
Be not dismayed. Trust thou in God  
And in the Saviors Cleansing Blood.

But thou desirest to get well  
In search of health thou camest here.  
Tis health that others seek for thee  
By skill applied with words that cheer.  
One half of one per cent or less  
Die from the troubles that are thine.  
How then can hope give way to fear?  
No need to quietly repine.  
Hope thou in God. Thou wilt be blest  
And calmly leave to Him the rest.

Kind friend who comest here to stay  
God grant thee peace ere thou depart.  
God grant thee grace when thou art gone,  
God send His Love within thy heart.  
Hast thou lived well in other years  
Rich blessings be upon thy head.  
Hast thou lived far away from God  
Turn ere the western skies grow red.  
And thus dear friend thou shalt be whole  
Thy body healed and cleansed thy soul.

---

### THE IMMORALITY OF THE SOUL AN ARGUMENT

No theological question has caused the writer so much serious thought as the above question. For years he has investigated along every line of thought open to him sometimes amid doubts and fears always hoping often sincerely praying to God that the truth might be known regardless of consequences. After a most impartial and honest investigation he has been compelled to come to the conclusion that the human soul is immortal. As Browne says "Though demonstrated in nothing it is implied in everything.

And is my soul immortal  
And shall I live again,  
Somewhere where perfect life is known  
Where come nor tears nor pain

Where shineth neither moon nor stars  
Nor ever cometh night:  
Where Christ doth all illuminate  
With calm and heavenly light.

O tell me if I yet may hope  
Of such a world to know  
When thus has run my earthly course  
My "Pilgrimage below?"  
It seems so good. Can it be true?  
I long, I yearn, I wait  
This thing to know. Then by God's grace  
I will investigate.

But just a moment I must pause  
'Till freed from prejudice.  
The path is holy I must tread  
And I may walk amiss.  
Dear God; who made all things and me  
To Thee I come in prayer.  
Forgive my sins, remove my doubts  
My soul for Truth prepare.

And thus the Good Book oft I take  
And there my lone heart finds  
Real comfort as it comes to feel  
Those great and noble minds  
Inspired were of God, who knows  
What is and is to be.  
They wrote as minds to whom revealed  
Our final destiny.

So unto faith I have appealed  
And some assurance found.  
But reason she asserts herself  
And asks; If on that ground  
I have a right thus to conclude  
For evermore I live.  
She asks to here join hands with Faith  
And help the verdict give.

Together they will do their part  
Will frame a grand reply  
To those who doubt a future life  
And say "Tis nought to die"  
Tis universal this belief  
In life for evermore.  
Tis found in pre-historic man  
Tis found the whole world o'er.

The primitive unsciented man  
Believed he'd live again  
His soul when from his body gone  
Close by would long remain.  
He crudely worshipped creature things  
Nor reptiles would he harm  
He said this were his ancestry  
Assumed another form.

The dark Egyptian was embalmed  
To make his soul a home  
And well cooked meals in tombs were served  
Lest hungry he should roam.  
What of the Greeks? Who does not know  
The martyr Socrates  
Preached life immortal; hence was slain  
By wicked men's decrees.

The Savages: E'en they have faith  
To see another life  
For when a chief or near-chief dies  
Forthwith they kill his wife.  
Her soul it must accompany his  
Into the Spirit-World  
Since he will surely need her where  
Stern death his soul has hurled.

Then Buddha taught successive life  
Until the soul doth win  
Sufficient merits to outweigh  
Demerits caused by sin.  
Nirvana is at last attained  
In which we dwell for aye  
Despite the fact it lies beyond  
A long and slippery way.

Mohamet and Confucious  
Hold as their crowning hope  
The Life Beyond; if with success  
'Gainst evil here we cope.  
And Patriarchs and Prophets old  
Born of the Hebrew race  
Their testimony long and loud  
The world can not efface.

Of Christ the Lord what need I say  
We know He came from God  
To teach all men the Way of Life  
Which path He also trod.  
Man's universal hope He knew  
He squelched our doubts and fears  
"Were it not so I would have told"  
Comes down through all the years.

Our aspirations what of these?  
For many souls aspire  
To noblest Christ-built character  
To better life and higher.  
Such souls capacities and powers  
Fruition cannot know  
While here on earth. And shall these end  
With this short life 'below'.

And what of suffering we bear  
For each must bear their part  
Our bodies racked with mortal pain  
Deep woes the tears which start.  
"Man's inhumanity to man"  
"Nature's red tooth and claw"  
These surely speak of Better Life  
Leastways I think it so.

As to the Globe we call The Earth  
So friendly and so kind  
Can we plow all it's mysteries  
With a poor dull human mind.  
The keen philosopher of note  
—Perhaps a genius odd—  
Sums up his labored treatise thus  
"In the beginning, God"

Therefore Creation's mysteries  
Are just as big and deep  
As is the future life of him  
Around whose grave we weep.  
There's mystery in it I admit  
And scope for faith to play  
But not more so than to explain  
The life that's ours today.

The holy exercise of prayer  
We ever pray to be  
With Christ and with departed ones  
For all eternity  
Beyond a fear or doubt we know  
Our God doth answer prayer  
Another factor in the case  
Of what awaits us There.

Thus Faith and Reason joining hands  
Together sing of this  
Hope universal dwells in man  
Life culminates in bliss.  
It must be so they both reply  
For God doth live and love  
For to Himself He must be true—  
He giveth Life Above.

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#### BEFORE MAKING A SERMON

O Thou Almighty Living God; Talk with me while  
I sit and think  
For I am but a creature small, And basely insignificant.  
And Thou the Great God art and Wise, Thy Name is  
Mercy, Goodness, Love.  
My trembling spirit waits on Thee, O Thou Great  
Spirit from Above.

---

'Tis true that I a preacher am; A prophet 'mong the  
sons of men.

Where I must think and speak for Thee. Be with  
me Lord. Be with we when

I hide within my study walls; Consult my Bible,  
thumbworn, marked.

And other books with themes galore. On which  
great minds have oft embarked.

The needs of men, Lord, who can meet? Heart  
mind and will. The human soul.

And bring these human ships to port; Mid sandbanks  
rocks and many a shoal

But Thou O God the Pilot art. With Thee on board  
no ships are lost.

Though all must cope with wind and wave, And  
some are badly tempest-tossed.

Then if my sermon is worthwhile, My Pilot You  
Great God must be.

The helm of thought I yield to You. The helm of  
thought please take for me.

So now from poetry I turn: Go back to cold and  
reasoning prose.

But O Thou Pilot of the Seas, My vessel guide where  
e'er she goes.

---

### A HYMN AND PRAYER

Blest Word of God; Thou Light Divine  
We read Thy Pages o'er and o'er

Thou hast the Way that leads to Life  
The path of saints who lived of yore.  
The Way of Prophets—Men of God  
Who dared to stem the evil tide  
Of martyrs brave who with their blood  
Bore witness true—and thus they died.

Come Holy Ghost; Thou Blessed One  
Inspire our hearts to dwell with Thee  
To walk along the heavenly road  
To tread the paths of service free  
Illuminate our spirits night  
Chasten the gloom and fret of sin  
Come now and seal us for thine own  
Oh enter, enter, enter in.

Oh Christ of God; Thou Living One  
Thou Son of David. Son of God.  
Possess us 'er we go astray  
Along the path so often trod.  
Our foolish hearts. Our wayward souls.  
The world would seal and call it's own  
We seek a better way than this  
Tis known oh Christ to Thee alone.

Our Father God; Eternal Source  
Of all that is and e'er will be.  
Oh pity us; We are thine own  
From Sin and Satan set us free.  
Reveal thy loving living self  
We wait we worship at they feet  
Unworthy all we know too well  
But come our God and with us meet.

## THE CHURCH BY THE WAYSIDE

(Dedicated to the Methodist Episcopal Church at  
Unique, Humboldt County, Iowa.)

There's a Church on the Hill by the Wayside,  
Tis a landmark that's stood there for years,  
Tis the home of the souls round about it  
And the scene of our joys and our tears.

Cho. Oh come to the Church by the Wayside  
Oh come to the Church on the Hill.  
Bring your friends, bring your folks, bring  
your kinsfolks,  
And your souls with his love He will fill.

There the birds swell their beautiful anthems  
To the praise of Jehovah Most High  
From the trees in the grove on the hill-top  
As they solemnly point to the sky.

Chorus.

Tis from here we have buried our loved ones  
—Whom with Jesus now dwell evermore—  
From the Fountain of Life oft come drinking  
When our spirits are wounded and sore.

Chorus.

Won't you come to the Church by the Wayside  
Won't you come while His mercy is free?  
Won't you come with your sins and your sorrows  
For the Savior says "Come Unto Me."

Cho. I will come to The Church by the Wayside  
Yes I'll come to the Church on the Hill  
With my friends, with my folks, with my  
kinsfolks  
And our souls with His Love He Shall fill.

---

### ECHO'S OF THOUGHT

Oh God! Life is a mystery  
I may not know. I cannot see  
Why some things are and some are not  
I know they're known O God to Thee  
Then there are sins which I commit  
The foolish thought, The careless word  
Much as I love I yet know well  
I poorly represent my Lord

Oh God! My ways a mystery  
Unto myself. Wilt Thou not bless  
My heart with peace. And lead me forth  
Into some field of usefulness.  
I crave not gold. I ask not fame  
Nor long I for the crowds applause.  
Some lowly task, some humble sphere  
Where best I serve the Master's Cause.

Oh God! The worlds a mystery  
The ways of men with other men  
Wars tumult and the woes it brings

To this I cannot say "Amen".  
Might conquers right. Hate conquers love.  
And evil triumphs over good.  
I stand abashed confounded tried  
Yet undismayed. Tis best I should.

Oh God! Folks are a mystery  
Some are so good while some are bad.  
And others miss the Upward Look  
Or lose the faith which once they had  
Their path with briers and thorns beset  
Their life a battle ground hard fought  
They purposed well: But strength gave out  
Sin in their hearts hath badly wrought.

Oh Christ! Thou are a mystery  
Thy gentle words. Thy wondrous life  
Thy goodness and Thy greatness too  
Alike the same in peace or strife.  
My soul with burdens sore oppressed  
Turns unto Thee: Tis gain not loss  
I leave them, lose them, at Thy feet  
Dear Christ! I lose them at Thy Cross

---

### A PLEA FOR PEACE

"When the war-drums throb no longer  
When the battle-flags are furled  
In the Parliament of men,

The Federation of the World."  
Thus wrote a famous poet  
In the days of long ago  
Who taught the brother-hood of man  
And wept o'er human woe.

"When the war-drums throb no longer  
When the battle-flags are furled"  
When no blood-soaked fields of battle  
Tell where legions have been hurled  
With a wild and savage fury  
—Part of war's mad reckless waste—  
At the other legions charging  
Or retreating in great haste.

"When the war-drums throb no longer  
When no mighty siege-guns roar  
While they belch forth lurid thunder  
And their high explosives pour.  
When the strains of martial music  
Shall not tell of warriors brave  
Massed in legions. Armed for battle.  
Marching forward.—To the grave.

"When the war-drums throb no longer  
Nor the dying and the dead  
Lie in heaps to tell the story  
Of a ghastly hail of lead  
When no war-horse dis-embowelled  
—Man's best slave and faithful friend—  
Maddened cries and struggles bravely  
'Gainst a cruel tortured end.

“When the war-drums throb no longer  
When the sailor true and brave  
To defend his country’s honor  
Need not drown beneath the wave.  
Who no lurking lordly ‘terrors’  
—God of Heaven stay Thine Hand—  
Shall commit the foulest murder  
Ever known on sea or land.

“When the war-drums throb no longer  
When the nations build no more  
Giant super-dreadnaughts monsters  
Each one larger than before.  
When our armies and our navies  
—Proud and brave and they may be  
Shall on land but police the empires  
And of pirates clear the sea.

“When the war-drums throb no longer  
When the mother weeps no more  
For the boy or boys torn from her  
To return, no nevermore.  
When the widow,—Heaven shield her  
When her heart doth bleed and break  
O’er her hungry helpless offspring  
Orphaned for their country’s sake.

“When the war-drums throb no longer  
—God of Mercy hear our prayer  
For the lands still torn and bleeding  
From the wretchedness of war.  
Pity, pity for Thy Name’s Sake  
Let the battle flags be furled.  
For the sake of those still living  
And the future of our world.

## GOOD PIE

She was long and lean and lazy  
Always wore the same old dress.  
Some folks said "She is a daisy"  
What they meant I could not guess.  
She had virtues more than vices  
Wheat more plentiful than rye.  
I refused her stale advices  
But I always ate her pie

She was mean unto her pastor  
Often meaner to his wife.  
And her tongue would speed up faster  
Being loosed by oil of strife.  
She was meaner than the meanest  
Like a storm cloud in the sky.  
Reader of her faults thou gleanest.  
Would that you might taste her pie.

Better tis to speak of graces  
Than to speak of peoples faults.  
Know the grace that oft effaces  
And our baser judgement halts.  
I can hold no brief for badness  
Yet I'd rather sing than sigh,  
Hence I do recall with gladness  
Not those faults that well baked pie.

## OPERATION ON A CHILD

Our little boy got sick one day  
We took him to a doctor,  
A first rate surgeon and M. D.  
—No spine-jab chiropractor.  
He said "There's just one thing to do,  
He needs an operation  
And though all other things you try  
You'll come to my persuasion".

We took our boy to hospital  
And put him on the table  
I stayed right with him through it all  
And glad that I was able.  
It took just fifteen minutes,  
Yes, five multiplied by three.  
A moments space: but seemed that day  
Eternity to me.



## GRANDMA MALONEY

She was aged grey and feeble,  
What we call "Well up in years"  
She had tasted bitter sorrow  
Shed a multitude of tears.  
Yet she was the soul of sweetness  
And her heart was filled with love,  
While her kind face told the story  
Of her faith in God Above.

As a maiden she had married  
And a family had raised;  
One boy and two girls to love her  
While through life a trail she blazed.  
Then her helpmate pined and sickened  
Soon to cross the Jordons Ford,  
Twice a daughter hailed the Boatman  
Where his boat called Death is moored

She was now Grandma and Mother  
And her grandchild loved her well  
Prayer and worship welcomed day-break,  
God was thanked when evening fell.  
By her neighbors she was honored  
Though her joy was most complete  
When a child cried "Hello Grandma"  
Running toward her on the street.

That she was the Soul of Beauty  
Goes because she Beauty loved  
In her garden see her active  
Where her skill she always proved.  
Dahlias, daisies, poppies, pansies  
Lilacs, lilies, roses white  
There he helped Great Natures Artist  
Paint His pictures day and night.

~~~~~

She dwelled with the common people
Claimed no greatness, knew no fame
But if goodness makes true greatness
Greatness therefore she can claim.
She "Has sailed" but memory paints her
With her virtues rich and rare
When we meet the Great in Heaven
Gran'ma Maloney will be there.

~~~~~

### SMALL TOWN GOSSIP

Dame Lashtongue said to Madame Mules  
I guess we own this town  
And; we are going to run it  
Or, we're going to tear it down.  
The Church and Schools and Bank are ours,  
The Red Cross and Garage,  
We'll rule; or ruin everything  
With a mustard gas barrage.  
And so they ran the Red Cross  
Then the Red Cross busted up.  
The Ladies Aid was next in turn.  
That straightway rusted up.  
The schools they ran until they ran  
The schools into the ditch  
In church they posed as pattern saints  
But 'nobody would hitch.'

. . . . .

There are some folks who feign would run  
The world and God who made it.  
Pestiverous as mites who bite  
The egg and hen that laid it.  
Oh such as these pray you please  
Go seek a job eternal.  
We trust you just go rust or bust  
Up what;—The World Infernal.

~~~~~  
WHEN ED PAVEY SPOKE HIS PIECE

Ed. Pavey was a white man. Just as white as he
could be.

Ed. Pavey was a Church-man and a patriot clean
was he.

Ed. Pavey spoke a piece one night for he was on
the square

When the Red Cross needed money and the boys
were "over there".

Ed. Pavey was a stout man but he was not stout
enough,

So before he went to 'speak his piece' he went aside
'to stuff'.

He took the biggest unionalls within his well-kept
store

And crept inside that khaki skin with pillows most
a score.

Ed Pavey came upon the stage to pose as a balloon
The audience saw the funny side but saw it all too
soon

They laughed until their sides just ached and tears
came to their eyes,

Twas the best thing they had seen for moons and
twas huge surprise.

And when they got to laughing so then Ed had to
laugh too,

But being tightly wedged in there he knew not what
to do.

He laughed until the khaki split, and since I am
polite

All I can tell you is just this.—The pillows hove in
sight.

~~~~~  
Ed. Pavey finished up his piece then hurried from  
the stage  
With feelings sort o' mingled 'twixt hilarity and rage  
Just then the audience thundered forth unanimous  
applause  
And would not yield 'til Ed came back. Twas all  
for a good cause.

I said just now they laughed until their eyes shed  
mirth-wrought tears.  
Some of those folks had not so laughed for very  
many years.  
It was an accident throughout but was just one big  
feast.  
And still they laugh when they recall Ed Pavey  
spoke a piece.

~~~~~  
THE LURE OF THE WILDS

Some folks think the city great
And eagerly anticipate
Or sort o' sit and antedate
The day when they will move.
Up from the farm they will arise
Will leave that base of rich supplies
Exchanged for fare of city guys,
That fare I cannot love

And thus with hopes nailed to the mast
They dream that city joys will last
And life be furious fine and fast,
 And each in order true
Will furnish just one happy round
Of rampant pleasures, safe and sound.
Since nought but good will there abound
 Nor will it say 'adieu'.

Just wait 'till these have quit the farm
You'll hear them chant a different psalm.
For city life can lose its charm
 And lose it overnight.
You can be lonesome in a crowd,
And city folks are kind o' proud.
When for their virtues we've allowed
 —They smile when suckers bite.

I would not change my lot with these,
Give me the country if you please,
A free-born soul is ill at ease
 Nor will you hear it groan.
No lovely song-bird seeks a cage
A forest lion hates the stage
No human broken down with age
 A prison house of stone.

Just send me out to plow the corn
Beginning with the early morn
Life's tasks each day remade, reborn
 As seasons roll around.
Awakened by proud roosters crows
To toss down hay from well filled mows
To slop the hogs and milk the cows.
 —A life for work renowned.

Or in the wild and wooly West
 There let me be the prairie's guest
 Or dwell on shady woodland's crest
 Inhaling Nature's breath.
 Or drop me down beside the sea
 Or 'mong the mountains wild and free.
 Give me, O give me Liberty
 Yes Liberty. Not Death.

Or let me sail where waves roll high
 Out where the wild winds cough and sigh
 Or where the lovely landscapes lie
 In splendor at my feet.
 Or let me stay where grass grows green
 Where flowers bloom and birds are seen
 And Nature sits enthroned as queen
 All else is but a cheat.

As one small atom of the race
 I now have stated well by case.
 One firm request with perfect grace
 To make as time goes by.
 Don't crowd me in 'mong city walls
 Imprisoned in its stately halls.
 The Wilds or else I die.
 The Wilds! The Wilds! Thy voice still calls.

~~~~~

### THE LIGHT

Tis gone! Tis gone! My faith! My faith!  
 My faith in human kind.  
 There is no good in all I see

Save that which is combined  
With greater ills or faults or sins  
Or cold inhuman greed.  
And this applies to all within  
And all without a creed  
Of any sort, I care not what  
Their name or church or state.  
My wounded soul; it bleeds, it dies,  
I weep, I love, I hate.

A good share of this world I've seen  
—A cold dark world and bad.  
Unchristian Christians 'christianing'  
Course sinners wild and mad.  
Demons done up in forms of men,  
Red devils dressed in flame,  
Volcanic hells loosed everywhere  
And God seems but a name.

. . . . .  
Tis light! it breaks. Tis Morn; I wake  
My mind of dreams unshod  
With faith reborn and fed my these  
—My little boy and God.

POEMS WRITTEN DURING THE WAR

KAISER BILL

Who took the lid off Hell?

Kaiser Bill

Stormed the earth with shot and shell

Kaiser Bill

With a mighty host of Huns

Armed with burnished blades and guns

Slew ten million mother's sons

Kaiser Bill

Who began the war at Liege

Kaiser Bill

To poor Belgium did lay siege

Kaiser Bill

Slew her old and helpless men

Ravished girls and women then

Burned the City of Louvain

Kaiser Bill

Who got licked at Mar-ne?

Kaiser Bill

And this is truth, not blarney

Kaiser Bill

France's sons there bled and died

Fighting nobly side by side

France's freedom was her guide

Kaiser Bill

Who sank the Lusitania?

Kaiser Bill

Who drowned the sons of Scandia?

Kaiser Bill

Said to all the world "Now blease  
Keep your ships from off mine seas  
Or I'll sink dem all mit ease

Kaiser Bill

Who hates the Allie's Fleet

Kaiser Bill

You dare not come out and meet

Kaiser Bill

These brave tars of Allied blood  
For your super-dreadnoughts would  
Sink or else run home for good

Kaiser Bill

Your mind is filled with rot

Kaiser Bill

You speak of "Me unt Gott"

Kaiser Bill

Your nightly owlish scream  
That of all you are supreme  
Is but a devils dream

Kaiser Bill

Who sent out his cruel "Zeps"?

Kaiser Bill

Over fertile fields and steppes

Kaiser Bill

Bombed big cities from the sky  
Though their helpless babies die  
When there was no reason why

Kaiser Bill

Who fears the Yankee Boys?

Kaiser Bill

We're not out to make a noise

## Kaiser Bill

We are out with all our might

For "Old Glory" and the "Right".

By God's help we'll win this fight

## Kaiser Bill

# UNCLE SAM

Who's the best man in the world?

Uncle Sam.

Who Old Glory has unfurled?

Uncle Sam.

Not for treasure, nor for land,

But with purpose good and grand,

To put down a tyrant's hand.

Uncle Sam.

Who was born 'mid fire and smoke?

Uncle Sam.

## Cast aside a tyrant's yoke?

Uncle Sam.

Plunged headlong into the fight,

Hit out on the left and right,

Trimmed the British over night,

Uncle Sam.

Who subdued the rebel band?

Uncle Sam.

When war-torn and sad our land?

Uncle Sam.

Who put down a mad aggression,  
Freed the slaves from their oppression,  
Saved the union, stopped secession?

Uncle Sam.

And who got the Spaniard's goat?

Uncle Sam.

Gripped his navy by the throat?

Uncle Sam.

Straightway beat him to a frazzle,  
Victories won, the kind that dazzle?  
And to you this was no puzzle,

Uncle Sam.

Who's the champion of peace?

Uncle Sam.

And his war dogs won't release,

Uncle Sam.

Till some maddened, war crazed guy  
To enslave mankind will try,  
Then who won't stand idly by?

Uncle Sam.

Who is not too proud to fight?

Uncle Sam.

To contend with all his might?

Uncle Sam.

Who's most fitted shall we ask,  
To assume this mighty task,  
To tear off the kaiser's mask?

Uncle Sam.

Though this spoils mad Willie's plan,

Uncle Sam.

~~~~~

For we'll fight to the last man,
 Uncle Sam
Though our heroes brave are dying
And to God for succor crying,
Yet the Stars and Stripes are flying,
 Uncle Sam.

Who has loyal hearts to love him?
 Uncle Sam.
And a God that dwells above him?
 Uncle Sam.
Nought from you our hearts shall sever,
We will stain your name, no never,
We will love you, always, ever.
 Uncle Sam.

Who's the best man in the world?
 Uncle Sam.
Who Old Glory has unfurled?
 Uncle Sam.
Not for treasure nor for land,
But with purpose good and grand,
And we're with you heart and hand,
 Uncle Sam.



THE RED CROSS

Be a patriot and a man.
 Join the Red Cross.
Don't say "You can't." You can.

Join the Red Cross.

Some folks make a fellow sick
Way they to their money stick,
Come; dig up a dollar quick.

Join the Red Cross.

Little children yonder starve.

Join the Red Cross.

You as host your fat joints carve.

Join the Red Cross.

Burdened mothers God beseech,
Hear them wail and moan and screech!
God of heaven! Go out and preach.

Join the Red Cross.

Our boys in blue are brave and true.

Join the Red Cross.

They fight the subs, each gallant crew.

Join the Red Cross.

Life on board is not a joke.

Don't you sit around and smoke,
'Bout the cost of living croak.

Join the Red Cross.

And for us our soldiers die.

Join the Red Cross.

Or for months on sick beds lie.

Join the Red Cross.

Or in muddy trenches deep
Shivering cold close vigil keep
While at home you warmly sleep.

Join the Red Cross.

Thus the cause is just and good.

Join the Red Cross.

P'r'haps you wouldn't; but I would
Join the Red Cross.
You're not worth a hard baked cracker,
You're a tightwad and a slacker,
Come across and be a backer
Join the Red Cross.

Don't you style my musings hard,
Join the Red Cross.
(For a hobo helps his pard)
Join the Red Cross.
Be you homely or a beauty,
Be you saint or friend of Clooty,
Get in line; this is your duty.
Join the Red Cross.

You have money for your pleasures.
Join the Red Cross.
What one day will be earth's treasures?
Join the Red Cross.
'Tis the plain truth that I tell,
Come in crowds our ranks to swell,
Hurry up! Rush in pell mell!
Join the Red Cross.

POEMS WRITTEN WHEN IN SCHOOL

THE WOOINGS OF FRESHMAN GIRL

Ccme list to me and you shall know
Of all the little doings
A Freshman girl at Morningside
Experienced in her wooings.

Her dark brown hair, her browner eyes,
Her winning smiles—a cheat,
And hobble skirts took all by storm
The boys swept off their feet.

The first to fall beneath her charms
And count himself most lucky,
A Freshman was, like grass as green,
You know him—Melvin Muckey.

But when he called some later date;
Perspired and said, “The Dickens”
Turned pale as death and from her fled,
For on the couch sat Wickens.

Poor Muckey, he just tore his hair,
He saw he was a victim,
With clenched fists he muttered low
“That boob, I should have licked him.”

This did seem inconsistent and
Will so appear to you,
On learning she stands four feet three
And Wickens six feet two.

But Wickens quickly met his fate,
With Muckey was a mourner,
Of love and time and cash mis-spent—
She now made eyes at Corner.

Corner declared himself in love
And wooed her with great zest,
—Could even lose his grades for her,—
Just then she sighted West.

"Beware, Beware," three lone hearts cried,
She's just a cruel flirt."

But love is blind; West heeded not.
She said, "They're mean as dirt"

But West soon found their words were true,
She changed as with the wind,
And cast around those glances keen,
Some other dupe to find.

She found him—Ellerd is his name.
(Poor West he mourned his fate)
When Ellerd in the parlor sat,
And stayed there until late.

Soon Ellerd thought her heart his own,
He loved with might and main,
He dreamed of her by day and night—
And then she dreamed of Crane.

But, in the steps Crane followed quick
Of all his fallen brothers
As Cushman did and Maynard, too.
And Fuller and some others.

Last—Pattishall had found a "peach"
She found a "pumpkin," too.
For her he changed his boarding place—
To eat and bill and coo.

As each one told his tale of woe,
And chewed and bit his tongue,
The sentiment of all he said
Was, "Gee but I was stung".

In fact the time's too short to tell
Of lives made sad and dreary,
Of Seniors, Juniors, Fresh'ys, Soph's
Who loved and lost Miss Weary.

THE SKUNK IN CHAPEL

Who put the skunk in Chapel? You can't prove that
by me;
I was not there when it was done, nor could I wish
to be
I have got some affection, and maybe lots of spunk,
And yet I never dreamed to pet a measly little skunk

.

Who put the skunk in Chapel? When it was dark
at night,
Went stumbling up the fire-escape; nor dared to
use a light.
Pushed up the window stealthily and uttered one
loud wail,
When he, the skunk, alighted and gently swished
his tail.

Who put the skunk in Chapel, chagrined our janitor,
And had the old man search the place from top to
bottom floor.
Who made him work excessively; who put him in a
rage?
This surely is a novel way to show respect for age.

Who put the skunk in Chapel, the students to annoy ?
The lengthening of class periods did not increase
our joy.

We hoped to visit in the halls instead of going to
Chapel—

The Faculty thought otherwise; with lessons made
us grapple.

Who put the skunk in Chapel, to tease the Faculty?
To hear them say, "Such beastly trick this school did
ever see"

To have them sit in session the culprits for to know,
To say the joke had angered them—it's grieved them
more I trow.

Who put the skunk in Chapel? when our good na-
tured Dean

Was left responsible for all; to act that way was
mean.

The situation was "intense" and most embarrassing,
Unusual skill was needed to sift out such a thing.

Who put the skunk in Chapel? with Prexy far away
Gone to the East on pocketbooks of millionaires to
play

Who made him pound the desk (as we have seen him
oft before),

And say of "stink" and "stinker", "Such conduct I
deplore."

Who put the skunk in Chapel our worship did disturb
Desires for the highest things t,was wicked thus to
curb.

Besides, we could not give "Nine Raes" nor sing
"Pride of the Sioux"

O'er hero's at mass meetings as we are wont to do.

Who put the skunk in Chapel pulled off a dirty stunt
And no doubt in the future for a sweeter joke will
hunt.

Few know yet who the parties were, and even if all
did,

There's not a man in all the school who'd "snitch
upon a kid." _

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